PENTHEUS.

Well said !
—
I marked thy subtle temper long ere now.

DIONYSUS.

*Tis Dionyse that prompteth me,

PENTHEUS.

And how
Mcan'st thou the further plan f

DIONYSUS,

First take thy way
Within* I will array thee.

PENTHEUS.

What array ?
The woman's ? Nay, I will not.

DIONYSUS.

Doth it
change
So soon, all thy desire to see this strange
Adoring ?

PENTHBUS.

Wait I What garb wilt thou
bestow
About roe ?

DIONYSUS.

First a long tress dangling low
Beneath thy shoulders.

PENTHEUS.

Aye, and next ?